UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

B 000 022 339 6

THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES
THE LIBRARY OF

WESTWIND SONGS

WESTWIND SONGS

BY

ARTHUR UPSON

MINNEAPOLIS
EDMUND D. BROOKS
MCMII

COPYRIGHT 1902 BY EDMUND D. BROOKS.

PRINTED FOR EDMUND D. BROOKS BY
HAHN & HARMON, MINNEAPOLIS,
SEPTEMBER, 1902.

SOME OF THE POEMS ARE REPRINTED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE CRITIC, THE INDEPENDENT, MUNSEY'S, THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE, THE SMART SET, AND THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

PS
3113
U8w

CONTENTS

Page

INTRODUCTION 11

I—HEART AND SOIL

ARLINGTON 17
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY 18
THE SEQUOIA, "WILLIAM MC KINLEY" 19
BENJAMIN-CONSTANT'S PAINTING OF QUEEN VICTORIA 20
WHEAT ELEVATORS 21
FAILURES 22
THE SOBBING WOMAN 23
EXEMPTION 24
GOLDEN ROD 25
GOSPEL OF THE FIELDS 26
THE WAY OF THE WORLD 27
OCTOBER SONG 28
IN THE WOOD 29
IN OCTOBER 29
THE UNFORGIVING 30
THE TWO HEARTS 31

1034583

CONTENTS

"ALL'S WELL"	32
THE OPEN FURROW	32
AN ENVOY	33
FAME	34
IRREVOCABLE	35
TO A SICK ACTOR	35
TO ALGOL	35
IDENTITY	36
THREE SONGS FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE TOWER	37
THE WINDOW LAMP	39
THE RETURN OF THE CRANES	40
INCONSISTENCY	41
SAYONARA, BRADI SAN!	42
TO THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, 1896	45
THE DEAD STATESMAN, MARCH 13, 1901	48
RENAN	50

II—*EX LIBRIS*

THE PATHMASTER, 1301-1901	53
THOUGHT OF STEVENSON	56
FROM VAEA, MARCH, 1899	57

CONTENTS

ALBA LONGA 58
FOR A FLYLEAF 60
AFTER AN AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF LES ROMANESQUES 62
IN THE BODLEIAN 63
"*EX LIBRIS*" 64

III—ROSELEAVES

MAYNIGHT 67
THOU DIDST NOT DIE 67
THE WHITE ROSE 69
OLD GARDENS 71
IN A DREAM 72
SONG AFTER PARTING 73
SINCE WE SAID GOOD-BYE 74
THE TWO PRAYERS 75
CONSUMMATION 76
AFTER ALL 77
THE AMBER LOOP 78
HUGO: RODIN'S BUST, CHAPLAIN'S MEDAL 79
WHEN ROSELEAVES FALL 80

CONTENTS

IV — BEYOND THE HILLS

CROSS COURSES	83
ALOHA OE!	84
A MEMORY	85
THE DEAD GEYSER	87
A SUNDOWN IN THE YELLOWSTONE	89
IN A WYOMING FOREST	91
MACKINAW	91
THE SONGS THE ENGINES SANG	93
DAWN IN CUMBERLAND	95
THE AVON AND THE THAMES	96
AT WILMCOTE	97
IN HOLYROOD	99

*O! NOCH nicht zu den vollen Sack!**
O! noch ein Lied und noch ein Lied!
Die Stimmung noch! Ein Märchenschmack,
Ein Harfenton, der ruft und flieht!

Der sich so leicht auf's Herz gelegt,
Wie Daunen, wie der junge Schnee,
Bis leis' und unfühlbar es schlägt
Nicht mehr so hart, nicht mehr so weh!

Das Lied ein Balsamtropfen kam
Vom Westwind hergetragen, fand
Die Wunde gleich, und zärtlich nahm
Es fort den pochend wehen Brand.

O! noch ein Lied! den Sack nicht zu!
Er strotzt noch, singt noch, reiszt und quillt
Von Liedern über! Sing mir Ruh',
In's Herz, wenn's wieder sturmt und schwillt.

—Carmen Sylva.

Bucarest, March 7, 1901.

**Den vollen Sack* refers to "the old Portmanteau" in *At the Sign of the Harp*.

INTRODUCTION

THE Westwind flew into my Chamber. On his Wing he bore sweetscented Roseleaves, in his Breath the Song of neverending Grief, of neverceasing Life; and in his Hand the Harp which every Minstrel touches, and to which each Bard doth add a Chord, a Tune, a Sound of great Eternity to send into Eternity again.

The Westwind said: Come, sing with me, for thou hast wept! Come, sing with me, and touch my Harp; for here I bring a Brothersoul to thee, with all the Song in it as Chidder's Song returning when Centuries revolved and Centuries came back to sing the same unwavering Song in India as in Hiawatha's Home — the Song of human Tears.

It is so old that e'en the Westwind can't remember how oft did Chidder wend his way to Earth in all the thousand times five hundred Years that he returneth but to find

the Same—the burning Hearts, the blood-hot Tears, the Thoughts one Bard leaves to the other Bards when Worlds have gone and other Tongues are spoken—when in other Tongues the Westwind's Song must sweep o'er Oceans and o'er Continents, and say whate'er is understood by all the People and by their Children's Children.

It must sing that Death and Life are One, that Souls are One, and that it is eternal Bliss to wander in Mary Arden's Garden where the Virgin was not yet told that she must be the Mother to worldwide Genius—then to shut yourself into a World of Books and Books and Books. You open these with throbbing Heart and trembling Fingers, but to find in them the Thought that filled your Brain, the Echo of the Questions we have asked, the Sob of Pain that we have sobbed in Night's dark, stormy Silence.

From Hiawatha's Tent to Shakespeare's Tavern the Westwind blows and scatters scented Roseleaves into my silent Mountain-home, Karpathian's wild Recesses, there to sing the Song eternal, Bard to Bard and

Soul to Soul; whilst from beyond the Tombs, beyond the Stars, the Answer waveth back in rippling Eddies in the Æolian Harp of Centuries, in ether Oceans of the living Dead.

CARMEN SYLVA,
Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.

SINAIA, AUGUST 13, 1901.

I

HEART AND SOIL

ARLINGTON.

NO tap of drum nor sound of any horn
Shall call them now from this unbattled height;
No more the picket dreads the traitor night,
Nor would the marcher tired delay the morn.
Fell some upon the field with victory torn
From weakening grasp; and some before the fight,
Doomed by slow fevers or the stray shot's spite;
And some old wounds through quiet years have worn.
And all are folded now so peacefully
Within her breast whose glory was their dream—
From her own bloody fields, from isles extreme,
From the long tumult of the land and sea—
Where lies the steel Potomac's jewelled stream
Like the surrendered sword of Memory.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

(The first celebration in the new century.)

EARTH, that hast countless aeons of swift days
Spun from thy poles — and like a mote been swirled
Fleet years about thy Master Orb — and hurled
With all thy starry fellows into space
Silent and irresistible on the face
Of heavens and of heavens' heavens unfurled —
And yet remainest our remembering world,
Our kindly home and our familiar place, —
Thou dost not fail, sweet, immemorial Earth,
To number o'er thy sons that were thy kings;
Chants royal raisest thou among the rings
Celestial of old stars for their great worth
Whose birth was not as is our common birth,
But was foreplanned with elemental things.

THE SEQUOIA, "WILLIAM McKINLEY."

Christened October 21, 1901.

HE who in dying blessed the peaceful trees
That lulled the slow grief of the lapsing year
Towards tranquil death, is best remembered here.
He leaves a name that shall make holier these
Huge temple pillars where the organing breeze,
Always at requiem, fills the atmosphere,
And does to their eternal roof uprear
Perpetual music of great memories.
Men raised rich temples in the days antique
To serve memorial unto virtues wan
Beside his. Him no rites shall celebrate
Gold-bought, ephemeral as their altar-reek—
But, while time is, he here in solemn state
Shall hold fit place in Nature's pantheon.

BENJAMIN-CONSTANT'S PAINTING OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

APART, with centuries which she doth illume,
The sunset on her face, around her throne
Tapestried legends and heraldic stone,
Silent she sits within that gorgeous gloom.
Eyes narrowed in far retrospect assume
Sorrows of empire. Not her dream alone
Occident glories, Orients homage-prone,
But more and more of Lucknow and Khartum.
Along the past with heavy-lidded eyes
She looks as one who knows the vision well,
A quiet woman whom stately powers compel
To splendor and to silent sacrifice —
For in the clare-obscure of her deep years
What counter of gains hath likewise told her tears?

WHEAT ELEVATORS.

CASTLES, or Titans' houses, or huge fanes
Of ancient gods that yet compel men's fear—
What powers, what pomps, do these betoken here
Looming aloft upon the plough-seamed plains?
Souls of ripe seasons and spirits of sweet rains
Flock hither; and the sinewy, yellow year
Heaps their high chambers with Pactolian gear
More precious than those golden Lydian grains.
Nor fortresses, nor demi-gods' abodes,
These are upraised to well-feared deities
Whose power is iron, and whose splendid sway
Is undisputed now as when great Rhodes,
And Tyre, and Carthage, flourished serving these,
Or Joseph stored Egyptian corn away.

FAILURES.

THEY bear no laurels on their sunless brows,
Nor aught within their pale hands as they go;
They look as men accustomed to the slow
And level onward course 'neath drooping boughs.
Who may these be no trumpet doth arouse,
These of the dark processionals of woe,
Unpraised, unblamed, but whom sad Acheron's flow
Monotonously lulls to leaden drowse?
These are the Failures. Clutched by Circumstance,
They were — say not too weak! — too ready prey
To their own fear whose fixèd Gorgon glance
Made them as stone for aught of great essay; —
Or else they nodded when their Master-Chance
Wound his one signal, and went on his way.

THE SOBBING WOMAN.

I HEARD a woman sobbing in the night
Against a casement high. And as she cried
Our heartless world's deliberate homicide,
Our tragic badinage, our mortal slight
Of elemental claims, and the dark plight
Of the poor I faced there, rigid, open-eyed.
Across the unechoing street in silence died
Her weary moaning. Whether in her sight
Some star appeared to soothe her present pain
With memories sweet, or quiet sleep's strong hand
Blunted her keen-edged woe, or other fear
Came smothering down too close for sob or tear,
I could not guess;—some Fate may understand
That spins unseen her endless umber skein.

EXEMPTION.

US would-be wise they mock—those from of old
Who down the shuddering centuries with no sound
Tread by men evenly as keen souls that hound
A slayer. When the days turn strange and cold
Who of us up dim, woody byways hold
No protest with vague beings? Thick around
What mover among multitudes are not found
Close but untouched companions?—In a fold
Of a still, midnight, winter hill one time
Came they about me! Fearful as I stood,
The moon streamed up before me in a wood,
And lit a frozen pool where swayed sublime
In world-forgetfulness and young, swift joy,
A skater, a wild, singing, thoughtless boy.

GOLDEN ROD.

DOUBTLESS 'twas here we walked but yesterday,
Seeing not any beauty save the green
Of meadows, or, where slipt the brook between,
A ribbon of blue and silver; yet the way
Is strange; in golden paths I seem astray.
Do you remember, comrade, to have seen
Aught forward in these meadows that should mean
A culmination in such fair display?
We noticed not the humble stalks amid
The many roadside grasses; but, it seems,
They were preparing this! And, when their dreams
Were ripe for doing, they could no more be hid
Than golden thoughts that bloom to action when
Their hearts make heroes out of common men.

GOSPEL OF THE FIELDS.

HAVE you ever thought, my friend,
As daily you toil and plod
In the noisy paths of man,
How still are the ways of God?

Have you ever paused in the din
Of traffic's insistent cry
To think of the calm in the cloud,
Of the peace in your glimpse of sky?

Go out in the growing fields
That quietly yield you meat,
And let them rebuke your noise
Whose patience is still and sweet.

They toil their aeons — and we
Who flutter back to their breast,
A handful of clamorous clay,
Forget their silence is best!

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

ALOOF by something hidden held
Though yearning for companionship,
He toiled; and need, that so compelled,
Wrung no word from his lip.

Some said he scorned the human part;
Others, that self was all his care;
A few saw suffering in his heart,
But shrank from entering there.

They let him tread his lonely mile
And toil apart as best he might,
Nor sought a meaning in the smile
He wore into the night.

He died one day; and when they found
Him smiling in his final rest,
An old, immedicable wound
They saw within his breast.

And those who oft with eye of stone
Denied his soul their comfort's bliss
Said, "Why, if we had only known!
We had good anodynes for this!"

OCTOBER SONG.

IF this be October 'tis the maid I've sought
so long!
I have traced her through the dying
Summer with a song;
I have seen her garments flying
Nights in June
Down the crimson West beneath the moon!

If this be October, then, this dark-eyed,
ruddy maid,
With the amber in her tresses,
All in gold arrayed,
Let me sing yet while she dresses
The still woods
And the scarlet sumach solitudes!

Let me sing, nor think of gloom, the while
she crowns her brow
With the woodbine reddening
Round the yellow bough!
Nothing sorrowful or saddening
Brings she here,
Only ripe fulfilments of the year!

IN THE WOOD.

NO shrill praise nor thanks confessed
Clamorous to be understood
Troubles here the Sabbath rest
Of the solitary wood.
(There are ways to live and be
Praiseful, thankful, silently.)

Flowers fear not their God will blight
If they shout no praises loud;
Trees attain their normal height
Waving worship to a cloud.
(Why should mortals anxiously
Reassure the Deity?)

Thanks there are in everything
Growing down the woodland way,
Rendered through developing
Fullest life and freest sway.
(Let me find how I may be
Thankful unobtrusively.)

IN OCTOBER.

THE maples their old sumptuous hues resume
Around the woodland pool's bright glass, and strong

WESTWIND SONGS

The year's blue incense and recession-
song
Sweep over me their music and perfume.
Dear Earth, that I reproached thee in my
gloom
I would forget as thou forgot'st; I long
To make redress for such a filial wrong
And praise thee now for all thy ruddy bloom!
So fond a mother to be used so ill!
Yet this poor heart of mine hath ever been
Prey to its own unwarranted alarms,
Shall fret, and beg forgiveness so, until
Thou fold my thankless body warmly in
And draw me back into thy loving arms.

THE UNFORGIVING.

THE unforgiving one forgot
And sinned, for he was flesh and blood,
And deemed it cruel his dearest friend
Forgave him not, nor understood.

Long pored he o'er his wrongs until
From his high window once he saw
An outcast whom his arm had thrust
Beneath the ban of certain law.

Him hailed he in a frantic hope
  As one whose woes he would repair —
But far and faint came his reply:
  "It is beyond thee now. Forbear!"

Then in he called his righteous friend
  And cried: "Thou wilt not yet forgive?
I pass the curse along to thee,
  That thou mayst sin — and know — and
    live!"

THE TWO HEARTS.

I.

"SO long my heart hath held its full of joy,
  Bring on your tears! I am made strong
    by these
  Sweet cordials of blood-stirring memories:
Some pain, perhaps, is better, lest they cloy."

II.

"So long my heart, the chill abode of pain,
  Hath been contracted narrowly, I know
  That now this hot, new joy it drinketh so
Must shatter it. O Heart, drink quick
    again!"

"ALL'S WELL."

THIS in a dream at night: A flying start—
A waving of white arms—a shroud—a bell—
A sudden turning of a trusted heart—
Some frantic errand over peak and fell:
At dawn you wake: All's well!

This in a life: The strain for what is not,
A snatching at the sunbeam in your cell—
The hope that fades—the sacrifice forgot—
The frozen smile—the chime that dies a knell:
At dawn you wake: All's well!

THE OPEN FURROW.

IT rains to-day; the dark clouds lend
All earth deep sorrow,
And heavy blasts of grief descend
On field and new-turned furrow,
Which wait the springing seed to take
Upon the sunny morrow.

AN ENVOY

It rains to-day; the soul from gloom
One light doth borrow:
Near blessings through the mists uploom
Above the open furrow,
And welcome give the healthful seed
Sown there by holy sorrow.

It rains today; but in the dark
The new-turned furrow
Doth wait the song which meadow-lark
From heaven above shall borrow
With which to hail the waving grain
That springs upon the morrow.
1889.

AN ENVOY

THERE is a River thou and I in storm
Or in the purple windy dusk have watched;
And thou, when the quick surface of the stream
Fled backward from his course before that breath,
Hast said, "Oh, see the River flowing up!"
For thus it seemed. And then thine eyes have smiled.
O Mother, there's a river floweth up—
A sort of little tributary stream

To the great seas—where clouds look and the
morn,
Where goes the wind, and many a wind hath gone.
That, Mother, is the river of my song
Whose running is to thee, though mostly seem
Those waters for another bourne are bound
And there be quiet moments when all airs
Suspend, and strong the current is revealed,
And sudden to each other's eyes we turn.

FAME.

IN quiet, day by day,
Does worth to greatness win its upward
way.

Alone to him who toiled
The arduous steps undaunted and unspoiled

'Tis granted to emerge
Upon the envied goal's exalted verge.

Unbidden then comes Fame,
An issue of the journey, not its aim.

IRREVOCABLE.

CAN the smiling ocean waft
Into port again
Yesternight's storm-shattered craft?—
Is all smiling vain?

Can the lips once proved untrue
Ever quite recall
Old-time trust to hearts that knew
Once their truth as all?

TO A SICK ACTOR.

December, 1899.

WITHOUT the northwind, sad and stern,
How could we love of fireside learn?
The sun would shine unthanked if we
Had never known inclemency.
Thus come the clouds to show how true
A nation's friendship shines for you.

TO ALGOL.

"SUCH light was his," so may she dreaming say
In thought of one beneath thy changeful glow.
"Such light was his when in the long ago

He used to fret the night out with his lay
Half-finished, and, forestalling the faint day,
  Creep from his couch while slipt the wan
    moon low
  For some poetic glimmer, sweet and slow
O'er which he hovered till the East was gray.
Such light was his—and then he used to wait
Long nights in darkness at the very gate
  Against whose far side beat the utmost
    light,
Till, wearied straining at those bars in vain,
He fell on dreams of light that went again
  To leave him starting in the empty night."

IDENTITY.

TRUST me; I must be myself.
  And, if thou'rt the friend I thought
    thee,
All thy doubts of me will rest
  By the open heart I brought thee,
    Unconfessed.

Trust me; thou shalt be thyself.
  In no deed wherein thou movest
Shall a curious question pry.—
  And thou'lt thank me if thou lovest
    As do I.

THREE SONGS FROM THE LIGHT-HOUSE TOWER.

(Ontario.)

I SAW him climb the lighthouse tower;
The sea was singing of the day,
The East was pink with promises,
And all the West was sullen gray.
He gazed to East and he gazed to West,
(And oh, there was a sea light-blown!)
He strained his eyes to dim sky-line
Then pressed my hand within his own:

SONG.

The kindly act, the worthy strife,
Are infinitesimals upward bent,
The slow, sure growth of a noble life
Whose God will reckon each increment.
Try and try and try:
What's the Shadow I'm pursuing?
After all that's said and done,
Something better waits my doing.

Be it at night when vaulted arch
Rang with the music of our feast,
Be it when, scattering her faint stars,
The silver Morning rode the East;

With him upon the lighthouse tower,
  Or pink or gray or black the sky,
I only heard the songs he sang,
  I saw alone his friendly eye.

SONG.

There's tender thought to pay you back
For all the charities you lack;
There's a kind word to show you how
You might have made a friend but now.
  I build my house and you build yours:
    The winds and rains shall try us all—
  'Tis its own timber that secures
    Each from its own downfall.

I cannot see the lighthouse tower
  For all the misty waste of years
Since ships have come and ships have gone
  Across Ontarios of tears;
But as I look I see his hand
  As though he waved from fields of air,
And feel the light wind of the sea
  Waft me the songs he sings up there.

THE WINDOW LAMP

SONG.

Headlands three
Guard the sea,
Faith, Hope, Charity:
Faith is firm against the storm;
Hope is higher than its spray;
Love, in bending to its arm,
Turns it pacified away.

THE WINDOW LAMP.

(For a Monotype.)

THE tremor of a transient light
Came softly through the yielding shade,
And startled into guilty flight
The phantoms loneliness had made.

This forest he had groped in long,
Not without heart, but all alone;
And now his soul sent forth a song—
For once he such a light had known.

"Somewhere 'tis Home, it seems!" he said;
"Though strange am I in all this night;"
And then he blessed the hand that sped
The tremor of that transient light.

THE RETURN OF THE CRANES.

Crane Island.

WHEN Spring's first tender signals come
The crane flock northward flies,
And their ancestral island home
Echoes again their cries.

Their long flight falters not nor rests
Till weary pinions fold
Where round these lofty elmbough crests
Fair waters sweep their gold.

And walking once where evening lay
Along this island wood,
I found, slow dying with the day,
One of that brotherhood.

The fingers of the gentle tide
Light touched him where he fell
Secure upon the beachy side
The young flock loves so well.

I stroked him and he lay as tame
As any dying thing,
While the dull westward sunset flame
Lit his long-broken wing.

INCONSISTENCY

Above, wide-circling in the air,
  His flock grieved not for one;
And he, alone, lay quiet there,
  His journey bravely done.

INCONSISTENCY.

ONCE a Poet praised a Bird
  That his praises overheard.

Thought the Bird, "Oh, rare delight!
I will sing to him all night!"

Long he sang, and somewhat shrill,
On the Poet's window-sill.

Till the Bard, grown wroth and grim,
Made a Silent Bird of him.

But next day this Poet signed
Sixteen sonnets ere he dined,

Having heard that someone is
Quoting certain lines of his.

SAYONARA, BRADI SAN!

SAYONARA, Bradi San!
Not for Ind, nor glad Nippon,
Trim I any sail; yet wind
Vast horizon-breadths behind
Ways we friends have wandered late
To your buddhas consecrate.

Life, that for the moment showed
Glimpses of a common road,
Now dissevers us; you turn
Where the blinding glaciers burn,
And along perpetual ice
Skirt a snowy paradise.

Your peaks of rime and mountain walls
In sublime recessionals,
And, where chasm cedars lean,
All my River's mirror-green —
Scenes that many dawns evolve
Many dusks shall yet dissolve

Ere for us the *torri* shine
Ruddy welcome to your shrine,
Or the melancholy gong,
Sounding, bear our souls along.
But our day shall come anon
With "*Ohayo, Bradi San!*"

SAYONARA, BRADI SAN!

Now I laze amongst the weeds
Where the big bee growls and feeds;
I the hammock's easy state
Assiduously cultivate,
And all night in doze and dream
Hear the wind along the stream.

Moves the River, wide and brown,
Far from village, far from town,
Through the oak wood's singing shades,
Past the painted palisades
Where the purply bergamot
And yarrow grace my tenting-spot.

Here the goldfinch flashes by,
And the rust-red butterfly
Tacks unsteady into port—
Some weed-lady's crimson court;
Green the ironwood tassels stir
Round the jewel tanager.

River, nights all moon-inlaid,
Hath bright rugs of foreign braid,
Of strange glistenings and glooms,
Stuffs from out the breezes' looms;
Rock-dyed in their gauzy thread
All day long they spread and spread.

There the shadow merchantmen
Moor to orient docks again;
As in some Burmese bazaar
Here the filmy fabrics are;
Bales strange-lettered here lie sunned
On the Nagasaki bund.

Sobs my tender mourning-dove
Through a cryptomeria grove,
While the bunting's deep blue wings
Seem fair Nikko blossomings,
And his tinkling notes, a bell
By some shrined and sacred well.

Spell o' the East! It glows and grows
Like a splendid burning rose
Round the heart you set it in!
All the clouds of distance thin
When its mystic, odorous sleep
Draws my soul within its deep!

Distance is no longer. These
Stars that gem the filigrees
Of the oakbough, and the bright
Tent-roof-sifted moon-delight,
They your Persian lamp, and fields
Are of your loved Jeypore shields.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

For the good, the brave, the kind,
Ships a fair home-breeze shall find:
Yours again of nights to look
In some old familiar book
By your own lamp; I may stray,
Undeserving, far away.

And if there we meet not more,
Make for the Remembered Shore:
Thence I, or my ghost, shall hail
Joyfully your whitening sail
And, with soft airs of Nippon,
Sigh, "*Ohayo, Bradi San!*"

LOWER PALISADES,
RED CEDAR RIVER.

TO THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

National Encampment, 1896.

LONG has the cannon's angry mouth
been mute,
Muffled with garlands tearful Freedom
twines

For brave hearts stilled that bounded to refute
The slander on her shrines.

Victorious banners that through blackened air
Went quivering in the war's hot agony,
Thrice sacred in their tatters and thrice fair,
We furl full reverently:

Long cold is many a hand that held them high
To shot and shell and battle's withering breath;
Speaks many a voice that woke the rallying cry
Dumb eloquence of death.

But patriot thrill and proud remembrance start
Not only at these trophies of long truce;
Not only here the quick, responsive heart
Unstops its tear-brimmed cruse.

Something to lift us from the sordid aim
Goes with you heroes of the outlived strife;

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

With you the present sweeps past heights of fame
And soars to newer life.

To grasp the hands that, braving scorch and scar,
Broke slavery's chain to mend the bond of state,
That plunged into the seething pit of war
To grip our Country's fate;

To feel the pulse of Victory down the street
In measured cadence of the drum's quick roll,
The martial music thrilling high and sweet
Into the echoing soul:

To catch such flash from memory-kindled eyes
As met Death's eager face unflinchingly
When out beneath gray, hope-forsaken skies
You charged for Liberty;

To hail you here—the Nation's heart outpours
Warm welcomes on your long triumphal way;

We wreathe your laurels on our city doors,
And fling them wide to-day.

Here in a fresh Republic, rich and new,
Peace rests her hand in Victory's furrowed palm —
A hand unscarred, but no less strong and true
Through years of blood-bought calm.

You sentries of her rights in doubt and dread,
The strong Republic's bounty she assures:
Her hearths your campfires for the years ahead,
Her hearts forever yours.

THE DEAD STATESMAN

March 13, 1901.

WHAT of the man? His character was hewn
From patriot quarries on the height of seers;
With honors was his way to honors strewn
And calm indorsements of the critic years.

THE DEAD STATESMAN

Who says "no crisis wrought his fiber's test?"
Why, from of old the exacting gods asked not
More proof of worth in heroes after-blessed
Than that they kept their love of duty hot!

What, then, are "crises?" They are action-peaks,
Decision's moments towering into light;
But what are they of which man never speaks
That rise by thousands just beneath our sight?

He knew the stress of state, the slow appeal
Of righteous aims, the thankless, unseen tasks,
Untiring service to the widest weal
And, save the glory, all a hero asks.

What of the silence? This must be for all.
But there's a grandeur in some silences;
And while the hush and mist around us fall
Our hearts are lifted for such life as his.

Up to *such* silence who would not be keen
To struggle finely and at length withdraw—
Henceforth in statutes wise to walk unseen,
And be a presence in the juster law!

RENAN

(On a flyleaf of Madame Darmesteter's "Life.")

ONCE in Montmartre I looked through the door of his tomb:
Outside lay the morning; within, dull twilight and dust.
I look in his Soul, round about me the mist and the gloom:
Within, serene, beams the light of the Pure and the Just!

II

EX LIBRIS

THE PATHMASTER.

1301—1901.

ERE Florence sowed that seed of woe
Which yet her vain remorse doth reap
The harvest of, and scorned to keep
Her Dante in her halls, (for so
It is beyond the Apennines
He sleeps where foreign Summer shines;)

'Tis said, before the factious Guelf
Grew such a prodigal of spleen
His quarrel with the Ghibelline
Had bred black schism in himself,—
That Alighieri, wise and good,
Among the priors of Florence stood.

And him a chief the city made
Of those whose strict official cares
Should be in lanes and thoroughfares
To see the skilless builder stayed,
To beautify the paths unclean,
And render broad the straight and mean.

And further we this word do hold
From such scant fact as faintly stirs
From quills of chary chroniclers,
Those selfunconscious scribes of old,—
Unto that end his earnest prime
Bent Dante through the lotted time.

From this and like old writ we deem
  That somewhere under palace eaves
  The bard divine some relic leaves
Of widened ways: scarce more than dream.—
  Had Florence not more weighty heeds
  Than setting down a Dante's deeds?

What street of all thy ancient streets,
  Thou Lily of the Arno, say,
  Dost thou allure men down to-day
Where legend not that name repeats?
  What road but some old memories tell
  Of walls that serve it sentinel?

One road he paved (the records show)
  "So that unlet at their desires
  The commons may approach the priors;"
Which was, men said, San Procolo.
  But what saith one of subtler wit?
  Far other Road than this was it!

O thou fair Dreamer of the Dead,
  When Night with swift remembering-
      pangs
  Her pale gold lamp above thee hangs,
And round thy windless squares is tread
  Of phantom feet,—oh, whisper low
  Which way his measured footsteps go.

For, maybe, at such magic hour
  One might slip forth some quiet way
  While sleeps the body, to the gray,
Cold flagstone, thence by font and tower,
  Till whisper saith: The Road was this
  And passed the house of Beatrice.

Pale Singer of the Song Divine
  Who toiled and dreamt and sang apart,
  Unto these latter days thy heart
Is better known ; such song as thine
  And the stern mark upon thy brow,
  Then dark, are not all riddle now.

Six centuries, a hard, steep maze,
  The world hath climbed since thou in shade
  To Paradise thy soul-path laid
Through heart-ache and long, bitter days;
  Till now, from loftier plane, it turns
  Unto thy lore and, wondering, learns

Thy Road was that severer Love
  Outwidening to the place of Law
  Whereto we commons may withdraw
And prove our right to things above,—
  And over which, as to thy friends,
  Calm Beatrice her hand extends.

THOUGHT OF STEVENSON.

HIGH and alone I stood on Calton Hill
Above the scene that was so dear to him
Whose exile dreams of it made exile dim.
October wooed the folded valleys till
In mist they blurred, even as our eyes upfill
Under a too sweet memory; spires did swim,
And gables rust-red, on the gray sea's brim—
But on these heights the air was soft and still.
Yet not all still: an alien breeze did turn
Here as from bournes in aromatic seas,
As round old shrines a new-freed soul might yearn
With incense to his earthly memories.
And then this thought: Mist, exile, searching pain,
But the brave soul is free, is home again!

FROM VAEA.

March, 1899.

One of the inscriptions on Stevenson's tomb on Mount Vaea is a translation of Ruth i, 16-17.

AGAIN from out the Southern Seas
We hear their bawling batteries;
Again where shift the pleasant airs
The fouling breath of cannon fares,
And leaves to girdle Upolu
A long, red stain upon the blue.
Roused from their tender reveries
The Vailima gardens wring
With red rose-mallows quivering—
But yonder, up Vaea's stairs,
Unfooted by a battle-thought,
The godless noises find surcease,
And Tusitala, undistraught,
Remains in peace, remains in peace.

Down Summer seas they blare and blot
And hurtle wide their christian shot
Among the villaged cocoa-palms,
A sudden wealth of leaden alms—
Reason, forsooth, a native king
Waxed weary of their bullying.

But there in his lone mountain spot
  He who loved well the island race
  In silence turns away his face,
Albe his voice from those far calms
  Unto the Northern conscience cries:
"Indeed no kith of mine be these
  Who hold sweet life so light a prize—
Leave us in peace, leave us in peace!"

ALBA LONGA.

I HAVE read in tales of the heroes
  That lived in the days of eld,
Of that city built in Latium
  By the Alban Mount upheld,
Along the white crest winding,
  Buttressed and citadeled.

I have heard how her long walls guarded
  The Tiber's vale afar,
How they gleamed through years of quiet,
  And glowed in the years of war;
I have dreamt how the pale moon lit them
  To the exiled Numitor.

ALBA LONGA

I can close my eyes and behold it,
That city so long and white,
With her columned temple rising
Under the star-ceiled night,
And the vestal Rhea flitting
Within by the pallid light.

And oh, for some chord of music,
And oh, for the voice divine,
To echo softly and sweetly
Across this dream of mine,
While Rhea's white robes flutter
By Vesta's spotless shrine!

Some nights when the plangent murmurs
Of rivers of wind go by,
I am one with their undulations,
Their eddy and sweep and sigh:
We mingle and flow together
Under the storm-filled sky.

And then we are chilled with sorrow
As we flow and flow and flow
Back through the channels of ages
To the sources of ancient woe,
Back in the Tiber valley
Those long white hills below.

WESTWIND SONGS

A light in the temple of Vesta
  Around the shrine was shed;
And oh, but it leaped and flickered
  To one great orb o'erhead:
The flame of Rhea was golden,
  But the flame of Mars was red.

A sigh, a sigh in the nightwind
  For the awful shields that gleam
Of a Vestal's sons turned warriors
  Beside the Tiber stream:—
So my purple Rome has swallowed
  The Long White City of dream!

FOR A FLYLEAF

Of Ruskin's "Roadside Songs of Tuscany."

SINCE the hearth-smoke of the world
  First into the azure curled,
Men have hummed them by the fire,
Women crooned their sweet desire
In low, minor melodies,—
Just such little songs as these.

Simple words but towering love,
Each-day feelings speaking of;
And the heart that beats within

FOR A FLYLEAF

Breast where suffering has been
Will know its own and quickly seize
Just such little songs as these.

When the improvising wind
Flutes across the cottage blind
With a music new, but old,
It will always pause to hold
Some sweet note—at mother-knees
Children singing songs like these.

Such a song claims little wit
For anyone can fathom it;
But 'twill cling to lips that sing
Like a kiss of some far Spring
Gotten when your fancy-breeze
Sang to you such songs as these.

Out of hearts that feel the pain,
Knowing it will heal again;
Out of souls that do not care
What the form be if so there
Linger something that will ease—
Come such simple songs as these.

MOTHERS AND SISTERS.

MOTHERS and sisters whom no sacrifice
Dismays, nor whom your long, laborious hours
Do anywise appall, ye are the powers
By whom the swift are girded for the prize
They reach in the light of your believing eyes.
Ye are the hidden oil the shrine devours;
Soil of the garden whence the great rose flowers;
The silent force that bids a star arise.
Ye ask of men nor honor, nor regret,
Nor memory, save one's whose love is all.
Renouncement? Living daily the divine!
Effacement? Still the world your names shall call:
Monica was the mother of Augustine;
Pascal had Jacqueline; Renan, Henriette!

AFTER AN AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF *LES ROMANESQUES.*

IT was all just a play—
They will both tell you so!
We believe what they say:

IN THE BODLEIAN

"It was all just a play."
Still, "Sylvette"—"Percinet"—
  Wherever they go.
Was it all just a play?
  They will both tell you so!

IN THE BODLEIAN.

AND am I heir to all this lore
  Of the great men gone before—
To the infinite, fair renown
That the generous years hand down?
Youngest son, yet held to be
Worthy such a legacy?

Nay, scarce worthy. Yet few fears
Chide the charitable years
By whose terms their whole estate
Doth widen as we dissipate:
I inherit but so far
As my powers of spending are.

All is freely left me, yet
Must I toil for all I get,
Living happier for this
Condition of the benefice:
Rich but thrifty, as I were
A millionaire day-laborer.

"EX LIBRIS."

IN an old book at even as I read
Fast fading words adown my shadowy page,
I crossed a tale of how, in other age
At Arqua, with his books around him, sped
The word to Petrarch; and with noble head
Bowed gently o'er his volume, that sweet sage
To Silence paid his willing seigniorage.
And they who found him whispered, "He is dead!"
Thus timely from old comradeships would I
To Silence also rise. Let there be night,
Stillness and only these staid watchers by,
And no light shine save my low study light—
Lest of his kind intent some human cry
Interpret not the Messenger aright.

III

ROSELEAVES

MAYNIGHT.

AGAIN my slender thorn is white
And as of old its odor blows
Up through the lit and lovely night
To me within my garden close.

In unforgotten, holy Mays,
All on a night that else was still,
Thou sangest up the country ways
And borest me bloom from yonder hill.

Now, as in other Springs, I wait
For thy familiar voice—in vain;
The moon and I have listened late
For that remembered music-strain.

Of song and thee I dream—and round
My rest the night-bird's note is borne;
And here, a slim girl blossom-crowned,
Arms wide to me, the bridal thorn!

THOU DIDST NOT DIE.

THOU didst not die when thou didst leave my vision,
Nor art thou distant now thy face is gone;
Thou hast not fled to some dim, trans-Elysian,
Uncalled-from shore, where'er thy form be flown.

Thou whom the days continually gave pleasure,
Whom the warm nights in happiness shut round,
Thou seekest not for any blossoms fresher
In strange, bright fields, than in our own were found.

Thou hast not looked to other constellations,
Being unwearied with thine own and mine;
Thou hast not sought new, heavenly occasions;
Here and by me the Universe is thine.

Thou art so near these nights no more seem sober,
Nor thy loved flowers sad around me here,
Than when we watched together in October
The eye of Taurus flaming low and clear;

Than when we made the woodland echo startle
With long halloos in the sweet Autumn air;
Or laughed to see the vistaed brooklet dartle,
Or strung a harp with strings of maidenhair.

THE WHITE ROSE

Nay, thou art by me in a subtler presence
That makes my world less earth and more a star;
For in my soul thou hast poured acquiescence
From interstellar wells of rest afar.

And I grow wise in the wide ways of heaven
With thee beside me to explain all things—
With thee, once mine, still mine! to whom 'tis given
To sweep the stars, yet folding here thy wings.

Thou on long eves, interpreted of roses,
Dost teach me utter lore; and perfume-shod
Each meaning comes, and calmly fair uncloses
As sweet girls' spirits at the feet of God.

THE WHITE ROSE.

BY a pleasant garden walk once there grew a slender stalk
Where at eve a pair of sweethearts used to love to dream and talk;

It was they who in the Maytime, in the
flush of Maytime fair,
Brought the rose and set it there.

And the Lover said, " 'Twill be as a pledge
'twixt thee and me,
For the first sweet bloom upon it shall be
consecrate to thee—
Shall be thine to keep forever, and upon its
petals white
Shall our solemn troth be plight!"

And the bud that heard him speak, from
that slender stalk and weak
Nourishment took heed to gather, favoring
foods began to seek.
When each night the lovers marked it, how
its little leaves did swell,
They would say, "The Rose doth well!"

Bright and busy days were those for the
eager, swelling Rose,
Fairest petals ever whitened in a lover's
garden close!
Thought the bud, "Ah, soon the hour,
soon the drooping on her breast,
Next her heart to be at rest!"

OLD GARDENS

One still hour of reddening sun when the
dew-time was begun
Came the Lover to the blossom — came the
Lover, only one.
And strange dews fell silently as he took
the Rose full-blown,
Took, and bore it off alone.

In a still and sacred gloom, in a hushed
and dim-lit room,
Did he leave his plighted flower with its
consecrated bloom,
Hers to keep forever shielded from the
shattering of the blast.
And the White Rose sighed, "At last!"

OLD GARDENS.

THE white rose tree that spent its musk
For lovers' sweeter praise,
The stately walks we sought at dusk,
Have missed thee many days.

Again, with once-familiar feet,
I tread the old parterre—
But, ah, its bloom is now less sweet
Than when thy face was there.

I hear the birds of evening call;
  I take the wild perfume;
I pluck a rose—to let it fall
  And perish in the gloom.

IN A DREAM.

LAST night I dreamed God let you
  come again
  To the old place we loved so long ago;
And all my burning lips could utter then
  Was, "Love, I did not know! I did not
    know! "

I dreamed you were as sweetly fragile-fair
  As in the days when you began to fade—
As in those days when walking with you
    there
  I wondered that you often were afraid.

There was the same appeal of widened eyes,
  The flutter of the hand within my arm;—
And now I was not strange to this surprise,
  But sought to clasp you from the shad-
    owed harm.

SONG AFTER PARTING

And in your eyes reproach, filmed o'er by
love,
And softened by the tender, absent years,
Renewed the heartbreak I am subject of,
And flooded all the sources of old tears.

It seemed not you that spoke, yet 'twas
your voice;
Still-lipped, you seemed to make unwill-
ing moan
As if the outer powers had left no choice
But you must answer, "Ay, but should
have known!"

SONG AFTER PARTING.

IT is over. Like sweet dreams
Let it be,
Or a Summer-haunted stream's
Melody.
Even so thy passing seems
Unto me.

But the dream most dear and bright
May live yet,
Fading not along the night
In regret—

While the heart love faileth quite
Must forget!

And the river sings and flows
Ever on,
Born, like love, of mountain snows
And the sun—
While thy love, unlike it, goes
And is gone!

SINCE WE SAID GOOD-BYE.

KISSED we not and said good-bye?
Then why wilt thou haunt me thus
With thine eyes in all my dreams
Making night-time luminous?
Art thou haunted, dear, as I
Since we kissed and said good-bye?

Had we kissed not, parting so,
This were only just in thee;
Had we kissed and said no word
Thou hadst right to torture me;
But thou knowest, well as I,
First we kissed, then said good-bye!

THE TWO PRAYERS

That good-byes may last too long—
  Is it this thine eyes would tell?
Or do they reproaching plead
  Kisses do not last so well?
Art thou lonelier than I
Since we kissed and said good-bye?

THE TWO PRAYERS.

AT night one leaned from earth's dim edge,
  (Oh, but he seemed alone!)
And looked down, down, below his ledge
  Where a calm planet shone.

Some pain—a common thing—had bent
  His looks out over heaven;
The sorrow of a day ill-spent,
  The still remorse of even

In which (oh, quite in vain!) he yearned
  Unto the lustrous star
That with more steadfast beauties burned
  Than in the earthlights are.

He flashed a prayer from his far height,
  And down the dark blue well

Where lone and splendid swam that light
He watched it as it fell.

Out far he strained to mark its course—
And sudden was aware
That upward from such golden source
A prayer had crossed his prayer!

His on serenely to its goal
Had fluttered like a flame;
Yet gazed he still with wondering soul:
The two prayers were the same.

CONSUMMATION.

AS the clear fountain sparkles on the hill
In some flowered basin at a cool, sweet height,
Yet comes from we guess not what galleried night,
Devious, untraced, and altogether ill,—
So doth my love from other days distil,
Through channels occult groping up to light,
Deeming all labors past as thrice requite
If once thou stoop thy hollowed hand to fill.
Clear eyes that bend upon my love thou hast;

AFTER ALL

I would have them thereon meet no dismay:—
I thank the chastenings of that cryptic past
Where those soiled waters crept their stains away,—
Those slandered days whose riddle now, at last,
Grows plain before this fair and ultimate day.

AFTER ALL.

WHEN, after all, you come to Love and lay
Your weary hands within his hands and say,
"Love, thou art best!" how can you know that then
He will not laugh and turn his face away?

When, after many conflicts, your proud heart,
Seamed with old scars, would take Love's quiet part—
Ah, to make fair that place for him again
Which of all Love's physicians has the art?

THE AMBER LOOP.

Amber was believed by the ancients to be the crystallized tears of wood nymphs.

HE found it in a quaint bazaar,
  This amber for her auburn hair,
And pictured to himself afar
  Its beauty coiling there.

He saw its shining length uptwist
  Through visions of her lovelit face,
And let it nestle round his wrist
  In delicate embrace.

An exquisite proportioning,
  From end to end of every strand,
He noticed as the yellow thing
  Slipt idly through his hand.

"Five men no fewer toilsome years
  It took to sort the stringful, sir!"
He bore it off to leave in tears
  The doting jeweller.

As with the gems he, smiling, went
  Down that strange city's winding street,
The odor of the Orient
  Rose from them, pungent-sweet—

HUGO

A scent so dear to some lost day,
  So consecrated to the past,
That ere he knew it tears broke way
  And hotly held him fast.

And were these not wrought out in tears,
  By hands that trembled in their place
Through long and maybe loveless years
  To consummate this grace?

And will she, too, recall it so,
  When, after many days, they greet—
Their half-forgotten, common woe,
  Heart-filling, pungent-sweet?

HUGO: RODIN'S BUST, CHAPLAIN'S MEDAL.

(For C. M. A., in Paris, who sent me the Centenary Medal, 1902.)

BOTH Hugo: that, mid-struggle, titanic in triumph-strain;
This, poised, secure, like a god who looks down on the toils of the plain!

WHEN ROSELEAVES FALL.

WHEN roseleaves fall in evenings cold
To mingle with their mother mold,
Look to it lest thy heart be set
To seek strange blossoms and forget
Thy roses and their sway of old!

Run not to lesser blooms! nor fold
Unto thy heart the creed those hold
Who stand like Stoics by and let
Their roseleaves fall!

But gather them as precious gold;
Rich-spiced, high-placed and orient-bowled,
They shall be Summer to thee yet.
What though they fade and thou regret,
Thou canst make theirs a boon untold
When roseleaves fall.

IV

BEYOND THE HILLS

CROSS COURSES.

WHERE Summer skies glint silver-blue
The dark, cliff-clinging larches through,
Where foam and spray and sounding swell
Commingle from the inland seas
In solemn, heart-reëchoed keys
Up piney crest and cedar dell,

Five souls whose love went out to thee,
Dim Spirit of lost Arcady,
Whose hopes breathed in the balm of prayer
From benedictions of the air—
Five souls crossed courses from far seas
And thrilled to sudden sympathies.

They parted. The continuous sea
Made of it but a memory.
One feels the pulse of freedom throb
In surges on the Pilgrim shore;
One hears the Mississippi sob
The sorrows of forgotten lore;

One touches Ocean's healing hems
Below the busy tide of Thames;
One, by the amber Baltic, lights
A Northland home with love's pure gleam;

And one, ah, one, upon the Heights
Is safe across the shadowed stream.

Five friends, a dash of jewelled spray,
A twilight shadow drifted down
Across the ledge's larchen crown;
Farewells, and through the hidden way
Love pilots toward an unseen beach
Each to the haven best for each.

ALOHA OE!

(To W. S. W.)

BEHOLD we clasp our sundered hands
Across the kind and faithful deep,
You on the gold Hawaiian sands,
I here among the cows and sheep.

I thanked the waters that so well
Had borne you to the Island friend,
And thank them thrice for every swell
That bears me back the words you send.

Strange currents, the untamable air
Between us moving, and the rhyme
Of epic oceans wax and wear;
And lightly slip the feet of Time.

A MEMORY

And you will tread the Island Hills,
  And you will learn the Island grace,
Before your gift of daffodils
  Shrivels in my Benares vase.

Only come back and I'll be strong
  With wine of hope and country cheer;
Still begging for another song
  And laughing just to see you near!
WOODEND FARM.

A MEMORY.

IN the hush of holy twilight
  A trembling sea of red;
A purple cloud dipped lakeward
  Where the dead sun's pall is spread,
And a gray-tiled walk for shadows
  Leading to years long dead.

I lean on the archéd palings
  Of a bridge in a city grand:
There are turrets of chastest silver
  Arising on every hand,
And such domes of fire-tipped crystal
  As would dazzle in fairyland.

Dark gondolas go sweeping
  On burning ponds below,
With songs of old Venezia
  In tender notes and low;
Round them in ceaseless rhythm
  The red waves come and go.

Now they drift in the torchlight,
  And under a canopy
Fair eyes look out in wonder
  At the glory they may see,
And a fairy hand is tapping
  To the gondoliere's glee.

Now they drift into the shadow
  And the cantilena's notes
Rise and fall in measure
  With the dipping of the boats,
Till vague in the melting distance
  Their pensive cadence floats.

It is wafted into the chambers
  Of my dearest memory,
There to bide and make me music
  When the world weighs heavily,
And to echo its simple sweetness
  To all eternity.

THE DEAD GEYSER.

I SAT in the forest at sundown,
On the trunk of a fallen tree;
There were calm, low lights to westward,
But shadows over me,
And the gold beneath the branches
Was wonderful to see.

Before me lay a circle
In the glow of the fading sky,
The rim of an outworn geyser
That brothered an age gone by,
With roots grown down in its fissures
As thick as a good man's thigh.

A hemlock, rough and distorted,
Stood at the circle's head,
And beneath it were ivy and yarrow
And little gold daisies spread,
Like such as they loop in the Springtime
To cover the noble dead.

I mused on the buried giant
That, hundred of years before,
Up through the mossgrown crater
From his narrow dungeon tore—
And half in a dream I listened
To catch his approaching roar.

Then up in the evening silence,
  And up in the westward light,
And over the widening shadow,
  He seemed to take his flight,
Alone in the awesome stillness,
  So solemn and weird and white.

A chipmunk peeped from his burrow
  Where the white dead pine-stem lay;
A night-hawk rose from his tree-tip
  To spiral the muffling gray;
And the wandering breath of Summer
  Seemed all at once taken away.

With never a plash nor a murmur
  The beautiful spectre stood,
Gold-vested, scarlet-mitred
  Of fires behind the wood,
And his white hand pointing heavenward
  In earth's dim solitude.

A catbird called through the gloaming
  And shook the woodland deep;
The folded gentian quivered
  In the quiet of her sleep,
And my heart that had been so tranquil
  Came up with a sudden leap.

A SUNDOWN

The molten brass in the tree-boles
  Had dwindled to a span;
So I rose with great thoughts crowding
  In solemn caravan,
And crept through the shade, a shadow,
  Who had set me down a man.

A SUNDOWN IN THE YELLOWSTONE.

CLEAR-CUT against a windswept sky,
  beneath the fading day,
The long, low ridges calmly lie, a cameo
  in gray:
'Tis night at home, and here am I a thousand miles away.

I watch through gray-green hyaline the geyser-vapors' flight—
Stray underworldlings made divine by contact with the light,
Like souls fresh-freed from earth's confine
  and bound for realms more bright.

The sun, from out his gilded car, looks
back along the West;
His red steeds brush the evening star ath-
wart the mountain crest,
And bring me messages afar from one I love
the best.

A hundred cloudlets swim beside, translu-
cent silver through,
And others mauve and crimson stride adown
the pallid blue;
And freighted well I know they ride with
tender thoughts from you.

But all the light that e'er has lain before
the sunset throne,
And all the wings of vermeil stain through
golden portals flown,
Would leave me with the after-pain of won-
dering alone,

If, when, beyond the lowest hill the red has
all turned gray,
And my lone heart has ceased to fill with
wealth of dying day,
I paused to think that you are still a thou-
sand miles away.

IN A WYOMING FOREST.

NOW it is twilight, and a yellow fire
Streaks through the narrow aisles of singing pines.
Low the old sexton, Night, lets down his blinds,
Leaving me in his sanctuary choir
To hear my own heart inwardly aspire,
Chanting with all the trees the same sweet lines;
While, overhead, one bent cloud dimly shines
Like an archangel pleading my desire.
Sunset across the level woodland floor,
And calm within the forest of my soul;
A softer light I had not known before
Now radiates from my beclouded goal,
And in a tranquil glory through the door
Of the dun future seems to rise and roll.

MACKINAW.

CAN I forget the perfect day
When, drifted from the world away,
I lifted up my eyes and saw
The shining cliffs of Mackinaw?
Can I forget the limpid lake,

That mock-a-day that to and fro
A busy mirror ran below,
And streamed white wonders in our wake?

Forget the long, delicious drive
Where freshly I could feel the live
Young spirit of old woods survive?
Forget the hillsides junipered,
The gloomy hemlock zephyr-stirred,
That in the winking waters draw
Their aquarelles at Mackinaw?
Her tapered pinacles and domes,
Her straits beyond the larch-browed walls
Afar in glistening intervals,
Below the heights of old Fort Holmes?

Ah, no. I cannot reason that
Where beauty once in vision sat
All life's defacing after-storms
Can level its imprinted forms.
Each cliff, each curve, each mirrored tree,
On tablets of my memory
Shall evermore recorded be—
Intaglio of that perfect day
When, drifted from the world away,
I lifted up my eyes and saw
The lovely isle of Mackinaw.

THE SONGS THE ENGINES SANG.

FOR days the lordly engines trod
To foam the subject sea,
And gloried in their power to plod
Long paths untiringly.

They bore us down the swirling deep
Watchful from light to light;
Their rhythm, throbbing through our sleep,
Soothed us in dream all night.

And when we rose, the world made new,
To breathe the morning air,
Their music on the dancing blue
Made all the day more fair.

In them a Pilgrims' Chorus woke,
A chant serene and strong,
Which from our voices did evoke
Sweet intervals of song.

And, as our comradeships grew warm,
And loud our carols rang,
It seemed our lips began to form
The songs the engines sang.

Words flew to aid the blending tones
  And make them fit to be
The rich, respondent antiphones
  To heavier harmony.

As when, from some cathedral niche,
  One hears the organ roll,
And let its diapason pitch
  The anthems of his soul,

So we, at noon or twilight dim,
  Heard that great voice below,
And on our lips we found a hymn
  Whether we would or no,—

A hymn of comfort and of health
  That into being burst
From the still soul's unmeasured wealth,
  Unconscious, unrehearsed.

And now, amid the city throng,
  Where smoky vapors hang,
Our memory keeps us fresh and strong
  With songs the engines sang.

DAWN IN CUMBERLAND.

OUR eager train to northward sped
Through shadow till the East was red,
When, lo, the dawn's reviving brand
Kindled the hills of Cumberland.

Our track, along an upland crest,
Shone first; but down the quiet West
Each faint-lined hollow still was full
Of the slow mist's unwinding wool.

Penrith lay wrapped in fairy smoke
Till winds among the valleys woke
And stirred within it, as it seems
Reluctant risers move in dreams.

Beyond all this was that I saw
The lofty brow of stern Skiddaw?
I know not for my heart did hold
An image of a gentler mold:

Wordsworth, whose name these hillsides own
And waters' tender undertone
Makes music of forevermore
In Derwent, Duddon or Lodore.

From those fresh heights rich store have I
Of upland lovely thoughts laid by:
From the soft mist below them hung
New dreams that yet I walk among.

THE AVON AND THE THAMES.

IF, in all Albion's storied sweep,
No other wave were seen,
The Avon and the Thames would keep
Her romance gardens green.

Two silver cords are those she wears,
Fast by her side to hold
Her book of songs, her book of prayers,
As did the dames of old.

Fine lyric lore the first book reads,
Of woodland wanderings;
The other, ancient, holy deeds
And orisons of kings.

Mitres and crowns continually
Allure the chanting Thames;—
The Avon lilts to any lea
For cowslip diadems.

The Thames, at Oxford turned the sage,
The prince at Windsor grown,
Betakes himself in pilgrimage
To Lambeth's reverend throne.

But Avon, gentle Avon, goes
Far from such loud renown,
Beneath old Warwick's porticos
To quiet Stratford town.

AT WILMCOTE

And there—sweet home of high romance!—
  It loiters, giving praise
For him whose consecrating glance
  Sought once its leafy ways.

Gold reveries, silken dreams, beside
  Its marge their glamour blend
Till, slipping to the Severn's tide,
  It smiles an envied end.

While Thames and Avon onward sing,
  Their music's spell shall fall
The one's on warrior, priest and king,
  The other's upon all.

AT WILMCOTE.

Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, was a girl at Wilmcote, a picturesque hamlet in Warwickshire.

SO soft the dusk that Summer night
  The still moon like a stranger came,
And ere we missed the sunset light
  Made us aware of whiter flame.
Fair rose she o'er the steading wall,
  Poised there as though she loved to hang
And let her fairy splendors fall
  Where Mary Arden walked and sang.

The shadows in the hollyhocks
  That trailed their crimson bloom along
The paling of her garden walks
  Were shaken with a sudden song:
Some bird, a stranger to this sphere,
  Smitten mid-wing with beauty's pang,
Sought easement of his rapture here
  Where Mary Arden walked and sang.

This moon, the same that followed her
  Among the shining orchard trees
Where still her garments seem to stir
  The ghosts of ancient fragrances!
That bird, the same that died of bliss
  Long since, but for a sweet hour sprang
To life and song a night like this
  Where Mary Arden lived and sang!

We may not know what sort of song
  Lured here the prescient nightingale,
Or whether it was fair and strong,
  Or fitted to a homely tale;
We only guess that some far voice
  From future ages to her rang,
And bade her woman's heart rejoice
  While Mary Arden walked and sang

IN HOLYROOD.

IN Holyrood, up yellow stair
I sought the turret chamber where
On Summer evenings long ago
The mandolin of Rizzio
Made Mary music, rich and rare.

And, pausing in the shadows there,
Methought some echo of his air
Along the halls came ringing low
In Holyrood.

Ah, 'twas a sighing wind that bare
The burthen of old heart-despair,
And trembled at the casement so
Like dying hope or love in woe,
Remembering days when life was fair
In Holyrood!

POEMS By Arthur Upson & George Norton Northrop.

An edition of three hundred and fifty copies printed on hand-made paper. Gray boards. Octavo.

A few copies remain. $1.00 net.

Louisville Courier-Journal:

A volume of most excellent poetry. There is not one of the collection that could well be omitted . . . . Virile, original, and fully in harmony with the world and nature, how could the songs be other than tenderly artistic?

Milwaukee Sentinel:

Distinguished by its musical quality and its sincerity.

Detroit Free Press:

Poetic insight and artistic feeling characterize these poems. There is a curious, evasive charm about some of them which is very winning to the thoughtful reader who himself possesses feeling.

Keith Clark in *The St. Paul Dispatch:*

The book is delightful in its format as anyone would expect who knew Mr. Edmund D. Brooks and his love and knowledge of the precious art and craft of bookmaking. It is prefaced by a little Fournier photogravure which is full of whispers and shadows, and suggests poems of delicate charm and restraint.

The New York Sun:

A beautifully and artistically printed volume.

Edmund D. Brooks, Publisher.

OCTAVES IN AN OXFORD GARDEN

By ARTHUR UPSON

Thirty octaves composed in Wadham College Garden, Oxford, early in the Autumn of 1900. They have been richly decorated by Miss Margarethe E. Heisser who has also lettered each page in peculiarly effective imitation of mediæval illumined manuscript. Miss Heisser's designs are reproduced by means of some thirty-five engraved plates, the edition being limited to three hundred and fifty copies on hand-made paper and twenty-five copies on Japan paper.

These *Octaves* present the rare *September* phase of life in Oxford, and are full of the repose and charm of one of the most delightful of all classic gardens.

$2.50 and $7.50 net.

Mr. Upson's poetry is commended by *The Outlook* for its "grace and ease and a touch of imagination;" by the *New York Times Saturday Review of Books* for its "warm and manly feeling for the beautiful;" by *The Catholic World* for "a power of subtle insight into the heart of things and of correct expression;" by *Richard Burton* for going "straight to the heart with a simplicity both of feeling and of expression that is most welcome;" by *John White Chadwick* for "a quaintness and a perfume as of linen cool and lavendered; everywhere a subtle and evasive charm."

The Queen of Roumania has recently written the introduction to a new volume of poems by Arthur Upson, the American poet, whose "Songs of Sound Color" have won great praise from European critics. . . . Mr. Upson is a native of New York, and has won for himself a reputation as a talented writer and one of the coming American poets.—Paris Correspondent in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

EDMUND D. BROOKS, Publisher.

AUGUSTINUS.

1. Divi Aurelii Augustini Hipponensis Episcopi Meditationum Libri Duo.

2. Ejusdem Soliloquiorum Anime ad Deum liber fol. 74.

3. Incipit Psalterium Abreviatum per modum orationis (quod S. Augustinus matri suae composuisse fertur). Item alie orationes post Psalterium fol. 122 b. small 8vo. $75.00.

A very beautiful and perfect manuscript of the Fifteenth century. The Meditations and Soliloquies of St. Augustine on thin vellum, 350 pages, written in neat Roman characters by an Italian scribe, long lines, 30 to a page, with nearly 200 small illuminated initials and four ornamented borders, elegantly bound in straight-grained purple morocco, sides and back tooled in silver. It is difficult to overestimate the importance of these examples of early book-making, and a choice specimen like the present one is seldom met with at a moderate price.

THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW.

Edited by Lady Randolph Churchill (Mrs. Cornwallis West). The complete set (the publication having ceased) from its commencement, June, 1899, to its termination, September, 1901. 10 vols. small folio, printed in a sumptuous style on thick paper specially made for the work and illustrated with 51 splendidly executed portraits in photogravure and 12 plates, one colored, of Brooches, Seals, Snuffboxes, Enamels, Rings, Etc., Etc. London, 1899-1901. Absolutely new. $50.00

Full bound in leather, green, red and white, and each volume is a facsimile reproduction of some rare and elegant binding of the middle ages. A more beautiful set of books can hardly be imagined. The literary articles are contributed by the most eminent living writers. The work will never be reproduced and will, in the future, undoubtedly be difficult to obtain in complete sets.

BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS,

With his Life, Letters and Journals, by Thos. Moore. The Favorite Handy-Volume Edition. Original issue. Portraits and vignettes on steel after Turner and Stanfield. 17 vols. 18mo, handsomely bound in full new olive polished calf, labels of brown morocco, gilt backs, rules on sides, inside borders of gold, gilt tops, by Riviere & Son. Choice set. London, 1832. $60.00.

DICKENS (CHARLES) AND HIS ILLUSTRATORS—

Cruikshank, Seymour, Buss, "Phiz," Cattermole, Leech, Doyle, Stanfield, Maclise, Tenniel, Frank Stone, Landseer, Palmer, Topham, Marcus Stone and Luke Fildes; by Frederic G. Kitton. Printed in a sumptuous style on hand-made paper, with 22 portraits, including one of Dickens from a scarce portrait by Sol. Eytinge, Jr., and facsimiles of 70 original drawings, now reproduced for the first time, 248 pages of descriptive letterpress and a copious index, handsome 4to volume, bound in art cloth, bevelled boards, gilt top (published at $15.00 net). London, 1899. $7.50.

Only 250 copies printed for sale in Great Britain.

bK252A1

THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

3 1158 01155 7468

UCLA-Young Research Library
PS3113 .U8w
yr

L 009 612 490 4

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

B 000 022 339 6